RICHARD FAIRBANKS

Copyright by Waldon Fawcett.

Recent portrait of son of Vice-President Charles W. Fairbanks.

# EAT MUCH ON OCEAN

PASSENGERS CROSSING ATLANTIC CONSUME BIG STORE.

On One Line the Cost Was $4,000,000 in a Year—Beer by Half Million Gallons and 6,500,000 of Eggs.

New York.—It must be the gyroscope attachment on the modern transatlantic liner, or else the ball bearings on which they run, which has reduced the proverbial amount of seasickness among the passengers.

Seasick passengers, no matter how many of them are carried, could not comfortably consume food of which the wholesale cost for one line alone in 1907 was more than $4,000,000. This is seen at once when it is noted that the total expense for coal on the same line was but $7,000,000, and, of course, none of the boilers was seasick and their consuming capacity is notorious ly greater than any passenger, no matter how good an appetite he has.

Before noting some of the figures of food it is pleasing to observe some of those relating to beverages. Now, as to champagne, which is said to be an excellent cure and for that matter a preventive of seasickness, passengers last year pulled the plugs out of only a few more than 51,000 bottles of champagne.

When it comes to claret the figures jump so respectably that it is seen that a man may raise a thirst somewhere west of Suez as well as east. Of that cheerful and ruddy beverage the first-class passengers consumed 129,209 bottles.

That sounds pretty good, but the consumption by the third-class passengers makes it appear a mere tipple by comparison, for those in the steerage joyfully drank not less than 121,297 gallons of claret, presumably of the variety known as petit bleu, about which there is a song which the Paris students sing when inspired by it.

There is something (observing this just as the Prohibitionists have nominated their ticket) rather appalling to read that of the various grades of brandy the passengers consumed 20,641 bottles and 73,384 gallons.

But these are after all trifling nips when we come to look at the figures relating to beer, for of that beverage more than half a million gallons were drunk, and it is not reported that the quartermasters had any unusual police duty to perform at that.

The recent installation of the a la carte system in the restaurants of the modern liners accounts for an amazing growth in the consumption of delicacies, such as were seldom found on even the best ships when the business of feeding passengers was exclusively table d'hote.

Restaurant diners on the liners whose figures are being considered consumed many, many thousand partridges, snipe, quails, pheasants, grouse, canvasback ducks. They demanded literally many hundreds of thousands of live lobster and crawfish, of fresh littlenecks, blue points and softshell crabs.

They consumed such a quantity of green turtle soup that the chefs had to use up 13,407 pounds of fresh turtle in its making.

Coming around to the more substantial articles of diet, it is found that of fresh beef there was used 8,311,927 pounds, and of pork and veal and mutton about 750,000 pounds each. Potatoes to go with these weighed in excess of 10,000 tons, a very fair cargo in itself.

The passengers seem to begin the day with hearty appetites, as well as going to lunch and dinner in the same blessed condition. They consumed of eggs, 6,500,000 and of calves' liver and bacon an appropriate quantity to supplement the eggs, and with their morning toast 216,503 tins of marmalade and other such sweets.

As if these figures were not proof enough that Lloyd's should make a very low rate of insurance against seasickness these days it is noted that besides what smoking material passengers took on board with them 2,327,225 cigars and packages of cigarettes were had from the smoking room steward.

It is interesting to note in conclusion that while the consumption of beer, wine and spirituous liquor indicated pretty generous living, figuring on the basis of all the passengers carried for the year, each passenger consumed, after all, only five-sixths of a gallon of such cheering beverages, while the average consumption of mineral water was a full gallon. These figures do not include 76,223 bottles of sterilized milk, which were dealt out to the children on board.

WILD SWAN SHOT IN MAINE.

Southern Bird Strays Northward with a Flock of Geese.

Kennebec, Me.—A handsome bird, rare for this section, was brought to F. D. Brann, taxidermist, at Ellsworth. It is a wild swan, which was shot at Webbs pond by Hamlin Kingman of Waltham. It is a young bird, pure white, except for its black feet and bill and grayish shade off head and neck. The bird spreads six feet nine inches from tip to tip.

These birds winter around the Gulf of Mexico, and nest in summer in the vicinity of Hudson's bay. The route of their spring and fall migration is usually along the Mississippi and the great lakes; they seldom stray as far east as this. This bird was with a small flock of geese when shot.

The swan is credited with a speed of 100 miles an hour in flight.

WOMAN'S EYES ARE COSTLY.

Gypsy Maiden's "Spell" Loses Fortune Seeker Roll of Bills.

Trenton, N. J.—"It wasn't exactly goo-goo eyes, but the woman certainly has got me goin'," said Michael Unger of Princeton to Sergt. McGowan in the Central police station when he requested the police department to use its influence in breaking the spell which he said a gypsy woman had cast over him.

Unger said he wandered into a gypsy camp near this city and submitted himself to the wiles of a dusky gypsy maiden during a fortune telling seance. Later he discovered that a gold ring was missing from his hand and a roll of bills from his pocket.

He told the sergeant the woman was too nice to steal his money and valuables, but he "certainly would like to know who got them."

Tattoo Wives; End Divorces.

Warsaw, Ind.—"There would be fewer affinities and divorces if all married women in the United States were tattooed on the chin," said Rev. Arthur Rawel, native of Maoriland, New Zealand, in addressing an audience of 3,000 at Winona Lake assembly. He added: "Now that I am headed for Washington, I think that I shall ask President Roosevelt to use his influence to have such a bill put through congress."

LATEST PORTRAIT OF TAKAHIRA

Copyright by Waldon Fawcett.

Baron Takahira, the new Japanese ambassador to the United States, who declares that his country has no better friend than the United States, and who says our American warships will be given splendid welcome to Japanese waters.

WOMAN BECOMES A PILOT.

Takes Out License to Help Color Blind Husband.

St. Louis.—Working up from the bottom to steamboat pilot is the story of Mrs. Wyllia Hulett, member of the steamboat family of Beardstown, Ill., who was given a pilot's license. Capt. Archie Gordon, United States inspector of steamboats, who examined Mrs. Hulett, said that she made an exceptional showing in navigation.

Mrs. Hulett's husband, George Hulett, a steamboat engineer, failed to pass the examination when he applied for a pilot's license recently on account of color blindness.

Capt. Gordon, who examined Mrs. Hulett, said that she was among the very few who gave with unerring accuracy the entire list of beacon lights and day marks along the Illinois river for 150 miles, telling the color of each and of the day mark signs.

Mrs. Hulett, who has spent much time on steamboats since her marriage four years ago, has served as clerk, stewardess, steersman and assistant engineer. She applied for the license in an effort to help her husband.

# For Her Father's Sake

By Alban E. Ragg

(Copyright, by Shortstory Pub. Co.)

Tick! Tick! Tick! Tick! reiterated the clock with monotonous persistency, reminding those present that the time for retiring was long since past, but the old farmer and his daughter stayed on, regardless of the fleeting hours. Neither had spoken for fully 30 minutes. The man, reclining in a high-backed chair, was comforting himself with a black clay pipe, and the woman sat gazing listlessly into the fire, an open letter in her hand.

"'Tis ten years to-night since mother died," she remarked, sadly. A sudden strong gust of wind shook the door of the outhouse, making it creak mournfully as it swayed to and fro on its rusty hinges. The old man stirred uneasily in his chair, and glanced nervously behind him.

"Yes, it's ten years to-night," he replied, with an effort to appear at ease.

Both again lapsed into silence. Presently the old man glanced across at his daughter and said:

"Who did the letter come from, Mary?"

"From William Dutton, father."

"William Dutton, eh! Why, it's many a long day since you heard from him. What's he been doing with himself since he went away?"

"He wrote to tell me that he's just been married, father," the woman replied, and although she tried to speak calmly and bravely, a sympathetic ear would have distinguished the sound of unshed tears in her tremulous voice.

"Married, eh," the old man remarked with a chuckle. "Well, well, the Book says it is not good that a man should be alone. He was a nice young fellow, and I trust he has found a good woman."

"So do I, father," replied his daughter, very gently.

"Mary."

"Yes, father."

"It has often been a puzzle to me that you and him never made it up. I always thought he was kind o' fond of you, but women's queer creatures; they let a good man go, and pine after a fool who doesn't care a button top for 'em."

"Yes, Father, He Was a Very Good Man, But I Couldn't Marry Him."

The woman made no reply, but holding up the letter, read it through carefully for a second time.

My Dear Mary: I've took you at your word; you said it was no use waiting, and I began to reckon it wasn't, so I married a little girl I met down here last year. It was kind of lonesome, coming back night after night to cold, cheerless lodgings, with never a soul to smile at a man, and I'm fond of company, you know. I tried to bear up and told myself that I had no right to marry another woman; if I felt lonesome, why, you felt lonesome too, and it wasn't your fault. Then one night coming home from chapel meeting, all of a sudden I took hold of her hand and asked her to marry me. That's how it all happened, and we were married two weeks ago today. She's a kind-hearted little thing and can't do enough for me.

Good-bye, my dear friend. Don't think any less of me. My best respects to your father. Your sincere friend,

WILLIAM DUTTON.

"Mary."

"Yes, father."

"What did you keep him hanging on for all those years, if you didn't intend to marry him? I didn't like to say anything about it at the time, but now it's all past and gone, I must say you treated him shabby. He was a good enough man for you, wasn't he?"

The woman's face twitched painfully, and she answered in an almost inaudible whisper:

"Yes, father; he was a very good man, but I couldn't marry him, and that's all about it."

"You couldn't marry him, and, pray, why not?"

"I just don't want to say any more about it, father; he's married now, and there's the end of the whole business."

"All right, Mary; as you please, as you please, but the day will come you won't have any one to look after you, and as you've been a kind girl to me, I'd like to see you comfortable with some good man before—before—" The old man stopped abruptly, and glanced up timidly at his daughter.

But she didn't appear to have heard what he said, for she sat staring at the blazing log, thinking, thinking, thinking of the past and of possibilities now lost forever.

Five years ago William Dutton had come to make his last appeal to her to marry him. He was employed on the railway and had received a good appointment in Chicago, and he came either to obtain her promise to marry him or to say good-by.

Five years ago! It seemed like five hundred. How hard he had striven to overcome her conviction that to marry him would be contrary to what she felt to be her duty towards her father.

"Let him come with us," he said.

"No; it would break his heart to leave the old farm; he'd never consent," she replied, sadly.

Then William Dutton, driven to desperation, cried angrily:

"Seems to me he's a selfish old man. Parents is everlastingly talking about the duty of children, but they mostly forget the duty of parents."

"Hush, Will; he never tried to make me stay. I never even spoke to him about it. I couldn't, you know, because I promised mother when she died that I would never leave him alone."

"Then you have quite made up your mind, have you?" he said in a strained voice.

"Yes, Will; but don't speak unkindly to me. God knows it's hard enough to let you go without having you angry with me."

And with a sob she laid her head on his shoulder, and he stroked her hair and spoke a few kind, gentle words of affection.

"Mary, I've been a good father to you, haven't I?"

"Yes, father, you've always been good to me," she replied, evidently surprised at this unusual remark from her father, who had exacted so much and given so little in return, but then he was a lonely old man, and never meant to be selfish and mean and unreasonable, she thought.

"I wonder how you'll get along without me, Mary," he continued, and his voice shook perceptibly.

"Hush, father; you must not talk like that; you'll last for many a long day yet."

The old man chuckled to himself.

"I wasn't thinking of dying, Mary," he replied, significantly.

"That's right, father. Why, you're a younger man than many a one half your age," she remarked, cheerfully.

"Do you think so? Do you think so, daughter?" A look of eager hope came into his eyes.

"Of course I do; any one with half an eye can see that," she said, in a tone of mild surprise.

"Mary, I've got something I want to tell you. I've been trying to make up my mind for the past six weeks, but I never knowed quite how to do it."

"What is it, father? You are not ill, are you?" she inquired, anxiously.

"No, daughter; never felt better in my life."

"By the way, how long is it since Harry Johnston died?" he asked.

Mary glanced up in astonishment. "About two years ago," she said. "What made you think of him, father?"

"I—I—I was—going—to—to tell you that I am going to marry Harry Johnston's widow," he blurted out. "I just wanted to know what you thought of her."

"Father!" she cried, and her face lost all its healthy glow. She stood staring at him in a strange, vacant manner as though unable to realize what he meant.

"Well! Well!" he remarked testily. "What have you got to say against it?"

"Nothing, father. Do whatever you think is for the best."

Both remained silent for a moment. The clock struck 11. The old man got up out of his chair.

"Guess it's time to go to bed," he remarked.

"Yes, father; I reckon it's about sleeping time," the woman answered, wearily.